BOYS' and GIRLS' PAGE

AND THE OLD YEAR WHIMPERED

Father Time was sharpening his scythe just outside of his house on Telescope Hill.

Every now and then he would stop his work and glance down over the cloud banks toward December 31 Valley. Apparently he was looking for somebody who was slow in coming. He knit his wrinkled brow more than ever and once or twice pulled his long beard in nervous impatience.

At last away in the distance he saw a weary form approaching. It was Old Year 1912. His step was feeble and his back bent nearly double. He sighed and sighed as he drew nearer. Father Time, however, seemed to care little for this. He only resumed the sharpening of his long scythe.

Finally Old Year 1912 reached Telescope Hill and although still moving made very little progress down the December 31 Valley. This Father Time noted at once and it did not please him. He stopped sharpening again and casting a provoked glance at Old Year 1912 said testily:

"Come, come, come, Old Year 1912. What are you lagging for? You know you can't squirm out of your work that way. You have got to go right down to the bottom of December 31 Valley and finish up."

"Oh, I know, I know," answered Old Year 1912 in quavering tones. "You need not tell me. I know what my fate is. I'll go on presently."

"You'll go right on now. The clocks that I control make no excuse and take no account of slackening speed just because it is near the end of your journey."

"Oh, yes they do, Father Time," said Old Year 1912, moving onward, but always very slowly.

"I've seen many, many hundreds like you come and go and I'm still here. I must be attending to my job all right or they would have had somebody else do my work. You can't threaten me."

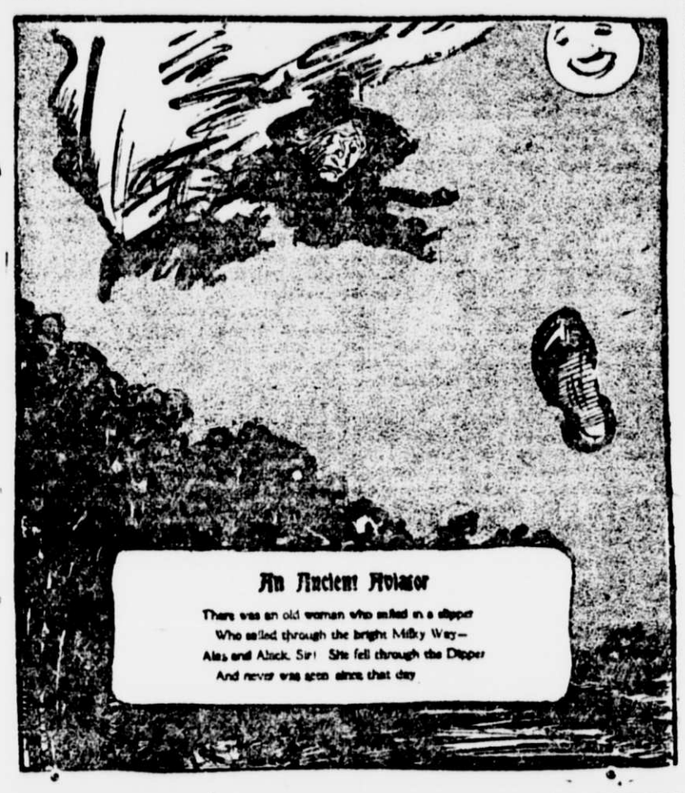
"I'm not so sure you can't be ousted from your job," muttered Old Year 1912 as he hobbled on. "I'm not so sure. Now, for instance, who is your boss?"

"Night and Day hired me centuries and centuries ago with more centuries added to these. They have the say of it all. When they decide they are weary or don't want to keep up the battle any more why, then I'm done for. It doesn't amount to so much to them, but it will mean a great deal to me. I've had the place so long I wouldn't know what to do else."

Father Time shook his head and turned a glance over his shoulder to where the moon, the Eye of the night, was looking across at them through a bunch of cloudlets white as the finest cotton.

Old Year 1912 reflected a moment as he still tottered down to the December 31 Valley. Then said he:

"Well, let me tell you, Father Time, that although I have to end my journey in a few moments I can do you quite a little harm, and I ought to do it for the way you have chivvied me along. When I pass out I go into eternal night. Now you say that one of your bosses is Night. I'll be with Night all the time, and if I care to do so I can tell enough about the lazy way in which you have been sharpening your scythe to induce them to dismiss you at once. You know all I'd have to say would be that you are too old for your job. You couldn't disprove that, could you?"



"I say they don't!" snapped Father Time, and he quit sharpening again and advanced toward Old Year 1912 in a threatening way as if he intended to cut him down.

"Oh, but they do, Father Time," reiterated Old Year 1912. "And if they don't really allow for me going slower, people think they do, and they agree to believe it is so."

"How do you make that out?" asked Father Time.

"Why, don't you know, Father Time, that people are sadder at this time of the year? Don't you know that as they reach the boundary line between me and the next year they think solemn things, and solemn things are not to be considered in a fast way. People want time to ponder on solemn things. They don't want to chase matters as fast as they can when they are serious about passing time."

"Well," snarled Father Time, "suppose that is so; just suppose it is so, what difference does that make with you ending up your journey?"

"In one way it doesn't make any difference, Father Time. But do you know, I don't care about myself; but I do feel sad to think of ending up my life without better things having been done during my lifetime than have been done. It seems to me that I haven't been of much value."

"You've been of as much value as any of these old years," grumbled Father Time. "I don't see any great difference between you."

"Oh, but there is, Father Time. There's a great deal of difference. Now take the year in which Christ was born—wasn't that a great year? That year, was a wonderful ancestor of mine, a wonderful ancestor indeed. Then the year 1776, that was another great year. And the year of the Emancipation Proclamation."

"Oh, they're pretty much all alike," said Father Time. "I acknowledge the ones you say had some more value than others. But what of it? What has that to do with you moving on faster down the December 31 Valley?"

Father Time moved alongside of Old Year 1912 as he spoke and sort of poked him along with the handle of his scythe. The Old Year shook his head sadly at the insult and tottered on down. But when he got the second jab his aged eye flashed with fire for an instant.

"You wouldn't have dared done that last January," he said with spirit. "I wouldn't have let you do it. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Are you so sure of your own job that you may not lose it? You know it's got to be some day and then how will you feel?"

Father Time laughed rather scornfully, but still there was a look of apprehension on his face. But he answered defiantly.

"I've seen many, many hundreds like you come and go and I'm still here. I must be attending to my job all right or they would have had somebody else do my work. You can't threaten me."

"I'm not so sure you can't be ousted from your job," muttered Old Year 1912 as he hobbled on. "I'm not so sure. Now, for instance, who is your boss?"

"Night and Day hired me centuries and centuries ago with more centuries added to these. They have the say of it all. When they decide they are weary or don't want to keep up the battle any more why, then I'm done for. It doesn't amount to so much to them, but it will mean a great deal to me. I've had the place so long I wouldn't know what to do else."

Father Time shook his head and turned a glance over his shoulder to where the moon, the Eye of the night, was looking across at them through a bunch of cloudlets white as the finest cotton.

Old Year 1912 reflected a moment as he still tottered down to the December 31 Valley. Then said he:

"Well, let me tell you, Father Time, that although I have to end my journey in a few moments I can do you quite a little harm, and I ought to do it for the way you have chivvied me along. When I pass out I go into eternal night. Now you say that one of your bosses is Night. I'll be with Night all the time, and if I care to do so I can tell enough about the lazy way in which you have been sharpening your scythe to induce them to dismiss you at once. You know all I'd have to say would be that you are too old for your job. You couldn't disprove that, could you?"

Father Time began to industriously sharpen his scythe again while Old Year 1912 was talking. And before the Old Year got through it was plain to be seen Father Time was scared. He glanced over his shoulder at the moon and then down December 31 Valley in a plainly upset fashion.

"Now, see here," said he in a conciliatory tone to Old Year 1912, "you know as well as I that in order to hold my job I must see that you go down December 31 Valley and be out of sight in a very few minutes. How can I help it all?"

"I know you can't help it," whimpered Old Year 1912, "but you needn't try to make it worse by chivvying me along at lightning express speed when I have only such a short time to live on this earth.

"Oh, that's only my way," said Father Time. "That's only my way. You should have known it by this time."

"But I had so little chance to know it," said Old Year 1912, "so very little time. How could I find you out all in a year. And the way I begin to find you out is when you hurry me down the hill."

"Now, see here," said Father Time, "just so long as you keep moving ever so little I'll not hurry you. See, here's my hand and my word on it. See, I'll even leave my scythe here on this cloud. Now take your time, but above all things keep moving some because you know time must keep moving all the time."

"Thank you awfully much," said Old Year 1912 as he hobbled along at a snail's pace and cast fearsome glances toward the foot of the valley for which he was heading. "You're not such a bad fellow after all. I think now you understand better why I feel so remiss in not having been of more value during the year. Yes, I think you understand it now."

"Well, maybe I do," said Father Time, "but how is that going to be of any benefit to you?"

"Oh, I don't see exactly myself, not exactly," and Old Year 1912 shook his head dismally. "Still, if you could do me a favor you would do it, wouldn't you, especially when you know how much harm I might do you when I go into eternal night?"

"Oh, yes," answered Father Time eagerly. "I'd do you a favor if I could consistently with my job. What is it?"

"Well," droned Old Year 1912—they were very near the bottom of the hill leading to December 31 Valley—"you have seen all of us years come and go; tell me, does the Old Year have a chance to see the New Year?"

"Positively no," said Father Time, shaking his head to add emphasis, "positively no. The minute you are through with your journey the journey of the New Year begins. But the journey of the New Year cannot begin a second before yours ends. Now, it's easy to see that you can't meet New Year 1913."

"But I would like to meet him," said Old Year 1912 plaintively. "I would so like to meet him."

"I tell you it can't be done," said Father Time decidedly. "Although you are going to be snuffed out you certainly must be sensible to the last."

"Well, if I can't see him, can't I have him do something for me?"

"Well, there you go again. How can you have him do something for you when you won't be on hand to ask him?"

"That's where you come in, Father Time, that's where you will come in. You can ask him for me."

"I won't do any such thing," said Father Time very stoutly. "I have never tried to coerce a year in all my life. I have let every year do exactly as it wanted to do. Every year has to stand or fall by itself. No, sir, I cannot coerce or coax a year."

"You can't, eh?" queried Old Year 1912—they were now within a hundred feet of the bottom of the hill leading down December 31 Valley—"Well, how about when I begin to coax Night, how about when I begin that?"

"What is it you want me to do?" asked Father Time with a worried look.

"Well, here's all I want you to do, Father Time. When I began my journey last January I happened to notice a little boy named Bernard. He lived in the tenement district in New York. He was just 6 years old. He was deaf and dumb and added to that he is a hunchback. But, oh, what a cheerful little fellow. Why you never saw anything so cheerful in your life. He can't tell how cheerful he is of course, but when he has seen his father and mother worried about him he has just smiled his cheerfulness.

"I noticed him just after New Year's this year, lying on his little bed in that cold tenement. There was no money to provide a doctor to prescribe for the heavy cold he had. By and by in February I noticed that some good fellow had found out about the case and had had a doctor called in, paying for the service himself. Then when I took note again in March I saw that he was getting worse, for the good fellow who had called in one doctor sent for another. And how they worked over the little fellow. And all through it—there he was deaf and dumb and a hunch back—all through it he smiled.

"I looked in again during April. The good fellow had called in a professor and they were bending over the poor little chap and shaking their heads and looking grave. Again in May I looked in. He was much better, and because he was such a brave little fellow and smiled so through all his suffering the professor had taken the deepest interest in him. He declared he should be taken to the mountains and the good fellow saw to it that he was.

"Then the professor—I heard him say so as I passed through the mountains in June—said that there was no doubt his tuberculosis could be cured and that he knew of a great professor in Austria whose friend he was, who later on could straighten little Bernard's back. During July I looked in again. Sure enough, there was the professor from Austria. He had just arrived. And they gave little Bernard an anaesthetic and with his strong and dextrous hands the Austrian professor straightened Bernard's crooked back. And when the little chap came to his senses and found himself all swathed in bandages that hurt a good deal, I can tell you, he only smiled the same cheerful smile.

"In August I looked at Bernard again. He was getting along fine, I heard the good fellow tell him, and would soon be able to walk as straight as anybody. And the good fellow had spent hours at his side teaching him to read and write because he knew how to instruct the deaf and dumb. During September I saw Bernard again. They had brought him down from the mountains and he was in a hospital. He was still in bed because his poor little back did not get strong as quickly as expected.

"As I looked into the hospital during October I saw Bernard still there. But the professor stood by the side of the good fellow and they were looking earnestly in the little sufferer's face. I heard them say that somehow he had contracted another cold and that his condition was grave again. During last month I noted he was still there and I heard the good fellow and the professor say that there was still a chance, but that was all. The little fellow wrote on a slip of paper: "Don't worry about me. You look so sad. Everything is all right. This is an awful nice place." And he smiled with the smile that angels are supposed to have always ready for need.

"Only a few days ago I looked in on the hospital again. I heard the good fellow say there was just one chance in a thousand."

"Yes, I know," said Father Time, anxiously looking toward the bottom of the hill. "Yes, I know, but what has this——"

"Why, Father Time," said Old Year 1912, "I want you to tell New Year 1913 to keep a close watch on little Bernard, a close watch, and do everything in his power for the little fellow. And also tell him that if Bernard gets well the first half of 1913 I am to receive the credit for him getting well in my year. Because, you see, I watched over him so long and worried over him, and the good fellow's act was in my year and also the professor's acts were in my year. Just say I want credit for it, because otherwise nothing of value has been done during my time. You see?"

"Yes, yes, I will," said Father Time hurriedly. "But hark!"

They were at the foot of the hill and slowly a great bell began to sound. It rang once, twice, thrice and as it went on Old Year 1912 grew shaky at the knees and began to cry a little soft sort of a cry.

"Ten, eleven, twelve—good-by, Old Year 1912," cried Father Time. "I'll tell New Year 1913."

And as a rosy cheeked young fellow began to ascend January 1 Hill, which begins the other side of December 31 Valley, Father Time told him all of the story. New Year 1913 smiled very cheerily and said as he bounded onward:

"All right, Father Time, you may depend upon me. I'll watch over Bernard every month and I'll take no credit for the good done to him in my time until after June 30."

DISEASE OF THE BOB SLED

Up on Washington Heights along a certain hill which we will call Flyaway Hill so that it will better known in the way of designation, there was a score of boys coasting. They all had bobsleds and they were having one of the merriest times of their lives as they drew their sleds to the top of Flyaway and sent them speeding to the bottom only to repeat the happy performance again.

They certainly were joyous. Their cheeks were like roses and their boyish shouts and gleeful banterings were like music to the sedate men who passed by and watched them for a minute with remembrances of their own jolly youth. They began after breakfast in the morning and only stopped for lunch, and out again they came after they had eaten to continue the sport until nightfall. Most of them had fathers and mothers who said "boys will be boys" and "you can't put old heads on young shoulders."

They surely were having the time of their lives. That is, all except one of them. He was Harry Ramsey, a nice little boy of 8—generally. Generally because in this particular instance he was not altogether nice, although he hardly realized how much he was not.

He had a bobsled too, of course, but he took the stand that it was not such good sport after all. He went down the hill once or twice and then in an uppish sort of a way stood at the top and watched the others fly by and shout and laugh. His face wore a superior sort of a smile as though he disdained a sport that all his companions engaged in so heartily.

Presently one of the jolliest of the boys who were speeding down the hill dragged his bobsled pantingly to the top and said to Harry:

"Why don't you come on down the hill, Harry? You stand there as if it hurt you. It's great sport. Come on, I can beat you down."

"No, I don't think there's any fun in it. It's just a lot of kids' sport. Besides it's too cold to be riding up and down hill in the snow. I'm going home and get ready to go away."

"Get ready to go away! Why, where are you going?"

"Oh, we're going to the Bermudas."

"To the Bermudas! Where's that?"

"Why, don't you study geography yet?"

"No, I don't study geography that says where the Bermudas are and you don't either unless somebody told you. Come now, where's the Bermudas?"

"Well, my father did tell me. They are just a ways off Florida. We're going to start for there to-morrow. It beats this snow all right, I can tell you. You can't bobsled down there."

"Then I don't want to go," said Jolly Ned, as he was called, "at least not just now."

"Huh, you don't know what it is to get where you can go swimming every day."

"Go swimming in December?"

"Yes, go swimming every month of the year. I want to tell you I'm going to have a great time. I don't care for this old snowhill. I'm going home and get ready."

And off went Harry toward home dragging his bobsled behind him. It is true that once or twice he did turn around and look back at Flyaway Hill where the boys were hard at it spinning down the hill in merry races. But he banished all thought—at least he supposed he did—as he neared his home and thought of the gay swimming times and the summer weather he would have down in the Bermudas.

Next day Harry and his father and mother sailed for the Bermudas. It was snowing hard and as they boarded the ship the blasts that swept the deck drove many of the tourists to their cabins. And there they declared they were the most sensible people on earth to get away from the winter of the north.

Within three or four days Harry and his parents arrived at Hamilton in the Bermudas. Harry found that it was indeed ideal summer weather and ideal swimming beach opportunities. For the next three or four days he bathed and roamed the flower bordered roads to his heart's content.

Then something seemed to come over him that made him melancholy. He could not seem to swim with the zest that he did when he first arrived. He did not seem to care whether he walked the flowered roads or not. He watched the summer scenes listlessly. There did not seem to be anything to please him. His father and mother could not understand it. They supposed that it would be one of the joys of his life to make the trip to sunny Bermuda.

They could understand it less when, after two or three days more, he was so indisposed that he could not get out of bed. They marvelled at it and summoned a doctor. The doctor was also mystified.

When Harry's father and mother came in the doctor went to them at once.

"I was puzzled to diagnose your boy's complaint before, but to-day I can tell you exactly what is the matter with him."

"In mercy's name, what is it then?" anxiously asked the little boy's mother.

"Why, he is troubled with that rare but very painful complaint of bobsleddis."

"Bobsleddis, doctor? What complaint or what disease is that?"

"Well, in other words, my dear madam, your boy wants the snow."

"The snow? What does he want the snow for? Why, that is the very thing I brought him down here to escape. I am sure he wanted to come, at least I thought he did."

"I think he thought so himself, but the fact seems to be that he is just pining away for snow."

"Pining away for snow? I never heard of such a thing, did you? Why, what would he do with snow if he had it?"

"Oh, he doesn't want to carry it around. He only wants to look at it and glide over it."

"Glide over it? Why, doctor, what do you mean?"

"Simply this, he pines to get up there on Flyaway Hill with the boys and bobsled down that hill again and again and again until he is ready to drop with tiredness. And maybe he's right. Maybe nature is sending him the right message.

"Why—doctor—how—do—you—know—this?"

"Just by listening to him to-day when he talked in a little delirium he had. Now take my advice. Get that boy up to Flyaway Hill as soon as you can, even though it spoils your winter outing."

"The outing is as nothing—you know that, doctor—in comparison with my boy. We'll go back on to-morrow's ship."

And back they did go the next day after the doctor had prescribed for the care of Harry on the way up home. And the nearer they got to the Statue of Liberty the better Harry seemed to get. Although it was January and the wind was high and the thermometer was low his spirits rose, as it were, in response.

After they had disembarked and driven up home you could see by the sparkle in Harry's eye that he was already as well as any boy need be. It was just at noon when they arrived. After lunch Harry said to his mother:

"Mamma, I feel all right now and I want to ask you a favor; I want to take out my bobsled."

"Why, Harry, you'd get your death of cold."

"I don't think I would, mamma. Just let me go out for a while."

There had been two snowstorms and a freezing since he had gone to Bermuda. The hill was in absolutely perfect condition. He pointed his sled and—whiz—off they went.

"Hello, Harry," said Ned, "when did you get back?"

"Just now," said Harry feeling a little ashamed and not understanding exactly why.

"How did you like Bermuda?"

"Oh, it was fine, it was fine, it—but——"

"But you'd rather be here this afternoon, wouldn't you, Harry?" laughed Ned. "Come let us hitch sleds and go down tandem."

And away they flew. When they got to the top of the hill Harry was surprised to see his father standing there watching him intently.

"Are you perfectly warm, Harry?" he asked.

"Perfectly, papa," he answered.

"Are you happy?"

"Oh, papa, indeed I am."

"Well, I think you are too from the way your face shines. Well, come home now. No, don't look so sorrowful. Mamma and I have decided that when a boy has a bad case of bobsleddis the best place for him is around Flyaway Hill. So we are going to leave you with Aunt Margaret for three weeks and we are going back to Bermuda to-morrow. So come home to-night so we can have you with us as long as possible and when you go to bed you can dream of Flyaway Hill."

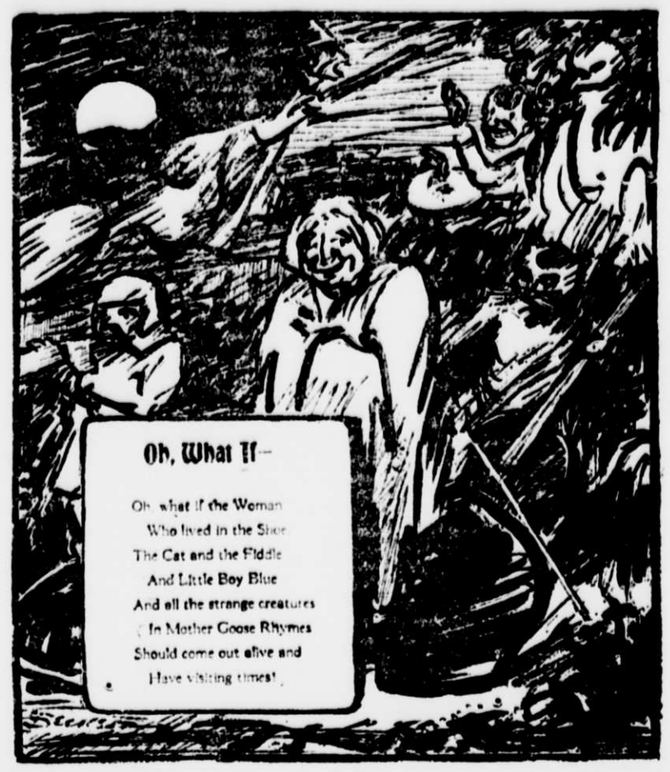
So Harry contentedly trugded home with one hand in his father's and the other pulling his bob. He looked around just once toward the hill and there he saw Ned standing at the top waving his hand.

"To-morrow afternoon," whooped Ned.

"To-morrow afternoon," called back Harry as he thrilled through and through with anticipation.

A Teddy Bear.

The body of a Teddy Bear
Is rather long and fat,
The head is like a rubber ball,
Though not so round as that-
The ears are very simple things,
As you can plainly see;
The arms are made like candy sticks,
Or branches on a tree:
The feet are not so simple though,
As there are only two,
It's just as well to try them dear
And see what you can do,
For when you draw the features in,
And paint the fur all brown,
You'll own there's not a sweeter toy
In any store in town.



KING SNOW AND KING HEAT

Away up in the bitter cold north was the home of King Snow.

Away down at the equator was the home of the peppery King Heat.

For centuries and centuries there had been a decided coldness, no, you might call it a decided heatedness, between these kings. There was no way of mitigating the bitter feeling they entertained for each other. They each simply could not see the reason for the other living. They spent their lives trying to kill each other.

Year after year came and went and there was no decision in the battle they waged. Each would advance upon the other only to be flung back when he had gone too far into the other's domain. Then the positions would be reversed, only to have the same result in the end.

Sometimes when King Snow felt particularly strong he would sweep down from the north and carry the war almost into the headquarters of King Heat. That is, he would advance with his army from the great frozen north and actually snow the enemy under, all the way down to places where oranges and pineapples grow.

Then, lo and behold, King Heat would become incensed and proceed up north with all his army and go almost to the iceberg region, melting and annihilating everything that came in his way. As a result for centuries and centuries there was nothing but trouble between King Snow and King Heat, as you very likely all know as well as I do.

Well, each of the campaigns in this never ending war was always reckoned by the length of the year. That is to say, King Snow would count out the victories he had won by the year's length. And although he did not care to agree with anything that King Snow did King Heat did acquiesce in the arrangement thus to take account of conditions and the situation at the end of the year—or rather year by year.

Now for a number of years King Heat had been getting rather the better of it. Try as hard as King Snow might it always seemed that he could not get as far down south as he had at one time in the past. He stormed and blew and flustered and piped out all kinds of reproach and rebuke on his army, but it seemed to do very little good. They followed him blindly many, many times, but always of late years seemed to have to retreat many miles further north than ought to be, judged by their past achievements.

Before I go any further I must tell you that both of the old kings were really not always as bloodthirsty as many people supposed them to be. Now take the case of King Snow. He would fight King Heat as hard as he could, but when it came to a question of doing a necessary kindness his old snowy heart sort of melted. And in the case of King Heat—why, he had often been known to arrive just at the proper time to save all kinds of good folks from the awful chill that followed the hurried passage south of King Snow.

So this was the situation when at the beginning of a certain winter—if you care to you may call it the beginning of the winter of 1912 and 1913. Let us call it that. As I have said, King Snow had been driven back by King Heat for a number of years. His pride was greatly hurt, and yet he was the kind of a king who always fights harder after reverses. That really is the ideal king, don't you think so?

King Snow came out of his palace in Greenland about the beginning of October. It was already kind of cold up there then, but he was not bothering about what it was up there. His thoughts were on King Heat, who was lolling in his palace down at the equator, having slaves fan him with hot air so as to keep him in his regular normal condition.

King Snow took up an icicle that had curiously frozen holes in it, and placing it to his frosty lips blew a blast that sent the echoes flying all around the icebergs in the Arctic regions. He blew three times most lustily. There he stood, a truly royal sight indeed. He was eight feet high and on his head was the insignia of his authority, a crown of snowflakes held together with pieces of walrus tusk.

As soon as he had blown three times his mighty host began to assemble. There came Brig.-Gen. Jack Frost and Brig.-Gen. Icicle and Brig.-Gen. Winterblast and a score of other brigade commanders ready to do his bidding. They came to attention right there in front of the iceberg palace and stood quite frozen stiff and precise until they had heard the commands of their king.

"Generals," said King Heat feverishly, "my scouts tell me that our old enemy King Snow has begun his campaign early and is advancing rapidly toward us with an unusually large force. We have beaten him before and we can do it again. I will not tell you to keep cool until we do it. We do not fight that way. Only it is permissible to deceive the enemy by appearing before him in a melting mood. The last victory he got over us he got as far south as Mexico. He shall never do it again. Attention—forward, melt!"

And King Heat's armies whirled right through the air in waves up toward the north. But they had not gone a mile or so before they felt they had a stiff proposition on their hands. They had to stop and help along thousands of fires in houses that were all but out because of the advance guard of the Snowers having got down the chimney. They had to melt the sidewalks in many a place because the Snowers had spread a treacherous layer upon them and thousands were falling and breaking arms and legs. They had to help along the factories and the locomotives and the power houses and the street lamps with which King Snow's armies had caused havoc.

The armies came in sight or rather in feel of each other up in the Adirondack Mountains. King Snow had flanked the right of King Heat's army and was well on down to New York, when a well planned movement by one of King Heat's generals turned King Snow's division on the right. Instantly King Snow flaked back from New York and as instantly King Heat withdrew his flankers so that he could meet King Snow's armies face to face for a grand battle.

It was a fearful moment. The Heaters were melting thousands in one division of King Snow and the Snowers were freezing out and covering up thousands in King Heat's divisions. You could hear the sizzling and the spattering and the dripping all through the mountains, and the odd part of it was that at spots where the Snowers were victorious and at spots where the Heaters were victorious the sound was just the same—like what you have heard when water hits a red hot stove.

It looked as if the armies would just annihilate each other and fade away in a melt, the Heaters turned cold through their efforts and the Snowers melted through theirs. And it would have been, so only for a simple little thing. You'd hardly guess what it was.

Why, right up in that Adirondack mountain district right in the woods the night the battle began there were two men who were sworn enemies who had lost their way. One man was going from the north to the south the other man from the south to the north. They met in the woods as the flakes were coming down thickest. Each grasped his rifle closer and watched the other narrowly. Then both looking up to the treetops and seeing King Snow's forces so rampant looked at each other again and clasped hands.

There was no shelter, but they soon made one. They climbed trees near by and with hunting knives cut branches to be used as shovels. Then they scraped a whole division of snowflakes together. They piled it eight feet high and they stamped and stamped it down until it was almost as hard as ice. Then they cut a door into it and hollowed it out, working fast until the perspiration stood out on them in great beads. Soon they had a compact snowhouse shelter. They cut another hole at the back for ventilation.

Then they cut down more branches and gathered masses of underbrush. This they dragged into their snowhouse. And, as all good hunters always have, they took from a dry place their precious matches and soon had a fire crackling right within their snowhouse. The storm of battle between King Snow and King Heat was going on fiercely when in a sort of a lull both monarchs noticed what the hunters had done. King Snow looked hard at King Heat and King Heat looked fixedly at King Snow. Then King Snow said:

"Cousin of the Heat, in that snow house are two enemies who are dwelling together in a safe shelter to-night covered with snow and warmed by heat. The very things that separate us bring us together. If they can do that methinks it is not the year for us to settle our differences. I take it as an omen."

"And I take it as an omen too," said King Heat solemnly. And thus saying each blew a retreat and both armies floated away, the one to Greenland and the other to the equator.